the
SHAME
of
CAIN
III

i burn twice as bright as the sun to hide
the black hole inside.
inside,
blacker than the ink on alienation's
clenched fists.
here's a peek in at the clockwork.
a view of the glass shards that have
pushed themselves out to the surface of
my pail skin.
history, prophecy, bits of honor, broken
trust, defeat, jealousy, pain and anger
that wouldn't digest and go away.
silver diamonds in the chest and roaches
in the brain. veins of bleach and peroxide.
and things i could never say to you.
because if i let you all the way in, you
would surely lock me out.
when i deep down think about it, i don't
feel akin to one of you.
an outcast amongst the outcasts.
there are some things that no one should
know.
the hunger never ends.
welcome to
THE SHAME OF CAIN #3
there is a darklight that never goes out.

xMY HEART PUMPS DISINFECTANTx

the shame of cain
d.j.
204 kensington
syracuse, n.y. 13210

issues 1 and 2 may be available
$1.00 and 2 stamps

feed me

i'm a cold ass bitch. she asks "doesn't this even effect you?". i answer "yes, it does.". i am a liar. certain parts of me have died. i've gone to there funeral and shed no tears. now others are paying for the grief i was given. or maybe i'm just spreading the wealth.
there is a big difference between the person you want to be and what is real.
hate me if that's what it takes. i understand more than you know.

light unto dark
a stab at confession
an ablution for absolution

work 06-03-93
false love propagator.
disillusion perpetuator.
the festering idea of all the lost children of god.
between the iron mind and the diamond heart lies
the blackchasmhole of hope.
don't get pulled in.

i need to tell you some things. i want to hand you the keys to set us both free. let me have it. say the words "go to hell" or "fuck off". set us free. say the words.

she cow go
now i know. i always knew. there is not <u>one</u>. it's all about feeling that you'd rather be with rocks and trees. you told me some things and i was starting to believe you. i know, i'm a sucker because i always wanted to not be alone. but out here in the suburbs, as the lights go out, i re-realize lives dis-connected. i'm the boy who fell to earth. leave me

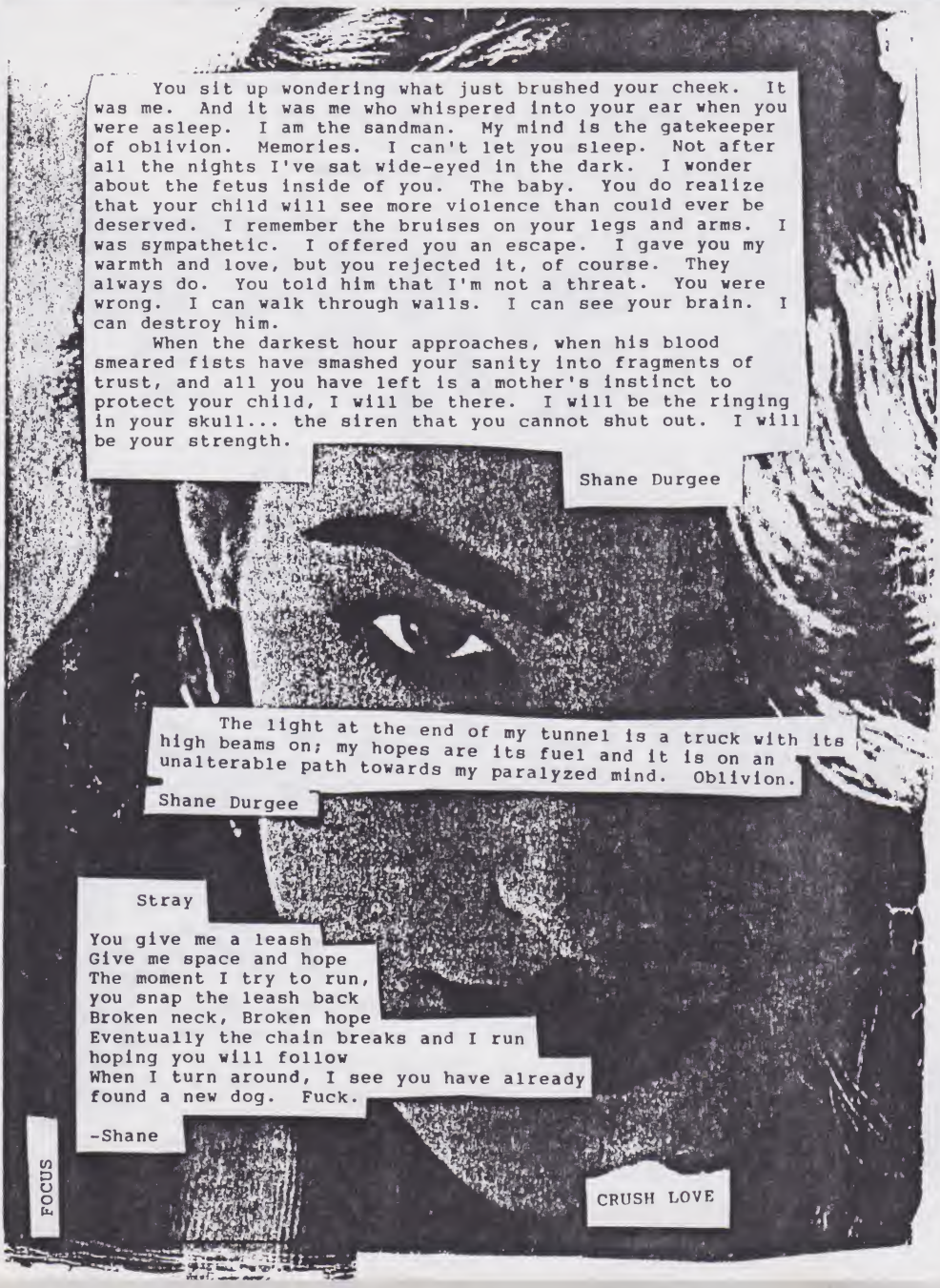
i am a monster-i have dreams of slitting your throats , inserting an x'd fist and pulling out your rosy insect hearts that drip with my blood
i am a monster-bits and pieces of soundbites and magazine clippings. nothing's new. i am everything . i am everyone of you who has ever fucked me.
i am a monster-sutured together with memories of neglect and mistrust.
here is.....

they say, you've got to give to get.
well, you've been givin' it to me for some time now

hopelessness does not paralyze me. it is motivating. fate is certain. destruction imminent. the good guys never win. outgunned. underfunded. desperately outnumbered. don't give up-fate is certain. knowing the end is liberating.
die on your feet.

violence is the paramount of reality
in the haywire flashbulb of red
a hand outstretches
two losers-two winners
one relieved as truth is conceived
rotten fruit becomes fertilizer
everyone knows who's full of it

i've been to ground zero. iv'e seen the remains. the cinders. i've got burns. i'm sure that im slowly dying of cancer. the cool thing about cancer is, as it eats you away, it grows. at least something is going right for someone.



You sit up wondering what just brushed your cheek. It was me. And it was me who whispered into your ear when you were asleep. I am the sandman. My mind is the gatekeeper of oblivion. Memories. I can't let you sleep. Not after all the nights I've sat wide-eyed in the dark. I wonder about the fetus inside of you. The baby. You do realize that your child will see more violence than could ever be deserved. I remember the bruises on your legs and arms. I was sympathetic. I offered you an escape. I gave you my warmth and love, but you rejected it, of course. They always do. You told him that I'm not a threat. You were wrong. I can walk through walls. I can see your brain. I can destroy him.

When the darkest hour approaches, when his blood smeared fists have smashed your sanity into fragments of trust, and all you have left is a mother's instinct to protect your child, I will be there. I will be the ringing in your skull... the siren that you cannot shut out. I will be your strength.

Shane Durgee

The light at the end of my tunnel is a truck with its high beams on; my hopes are its fuel and it is on an unalterable path towards my paralyzed mind. Oblivion.

Shane Durgee

Stray

You give me a leash
Give me space and hope
The moment I try to run,
you snap the leash back
Broken neck, Broken hope
Eventually the chain breaks and I run
hoping you will follow
When I turn around, I see you have already
found a new dog. Fuck.

-Shane

FOCUS

CRUSH LOVE

lights out
beauty is my pimp and she takes me for all i'm worth. it would be a blessing to have these false perceivers ripped untimely from there sockets by maddened ravens talons. it would make life and love a hell of a lot easier
true sight in ceaseless night

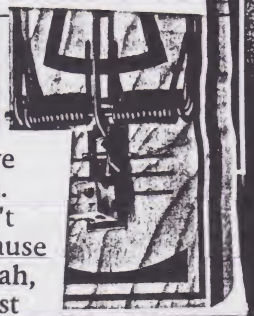
i know that i'm cold as stone but don't take me for granite.

i don't want love.
i want passion.
if i wanted love,
i would buy a dog.

desire and lust
i need to be locked away. my desire leads me around like little kids chasing the sound of the ice cream truck. yep, that's me, running after something probably more detrimental than dairy products. chasing something that i wish to consume but it consumes me first. chasing my tail chewing on nails thinking that my own blood will appease my thirst. quest without rest dining auto-consumption of flesh as if this will extinguish the hunger.
you say jump. i say off what?

the merciful thief
i want to thank you
for stealing my illusions
for robbing me of my hope
for ripping off my blinders
you've taken it all
i am the remainder
and this is what is left

your mouth is bleeding because you've been chewing on your broken words. you spit them out at me like broken teeth. your so weak. swallow them you fuck. swallow them. do they cut your throat like they've cut mine? do they burn in your stomach? i know it's hard for you to swallow because you're so full of shit.



i'm not going to hope anymore. it pains me. i have aspirations for myself but no hope for any of you. this is better for the both of us. this way, you can't let me down. you wont be able to sell me out because i didn't believe in any of you in the first place. yeah, were pals now, but i know that lives scenario is just replaying the same old video tape. i've seen this one before. i know how it ends. if you think i'm wrong then prove me wrong with your actions because my ears ache with the ring of hollow words. show me.

rain
it drives them inside.
i don't cower from the cleanth of this downpour.
i sometimes feel as if no holy man
has ever walked these bilge streets.
no prophet-no martyr.
just these demons that now cower beneath hovels
of plastic and garbage.
they peer at me from the cracks
with bloodshot eyes and bloodstained hands.
they think i'm crazy.
i walk, like an honest man.
like the time before the filth machines.
mother natures tears fall pure upon my shame bowed head.

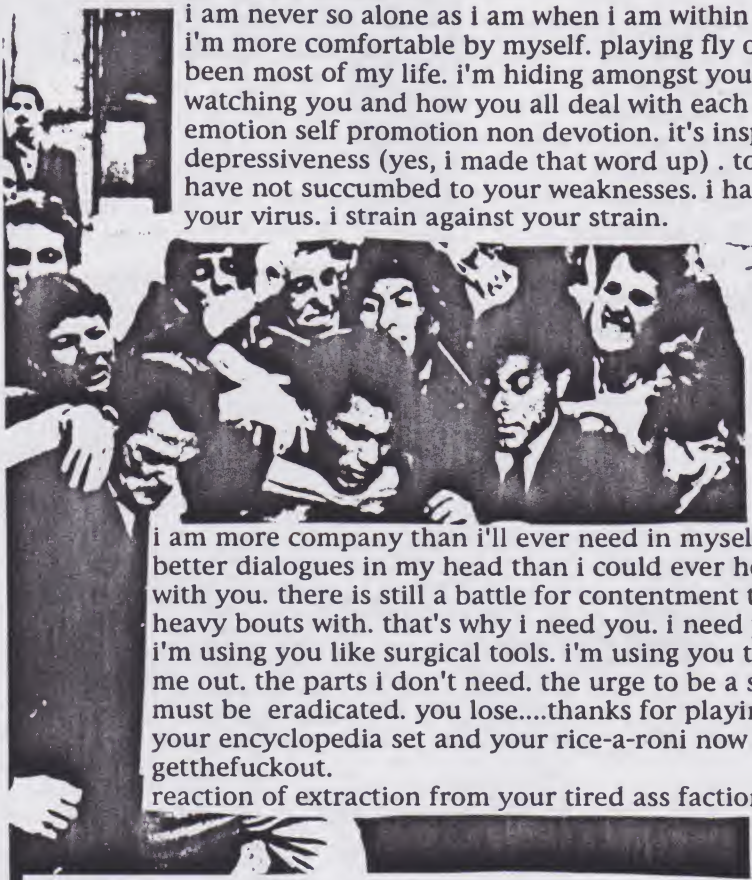
eyesore
i can barely stand to look at you when i pass you and those other fucks. that smirk sits on your face like a ten dollar whore. i'd love to pimpslap it right off your head.

just a spoonful
i refuse to swallow lies with sugar. i refuse to be stepped on or treated with disrespect. i refuse to let demons escape unpunished any longer. we always talk about justice coming and judgment night. well, i've decided to start with now and with me because i'm full of resentment and not shit. i've only got two cheeks and i've had my share of turning them and you can bet your not so sweet ass that if there is anything within my power that i can do to prevent you from even thinking about fucking anyone else over i will do it.

if you think i've forgotten, you're wrong

go fuck yourselves

i am never so alone as i am when i am within these crowds. i'm more comfortable by myself. playing fly on the wall has been most of my life. i'm hiding amongst you. listening in. watching you and how you all deal with each other. fake emotion self promotion non devotion. it's inspiring in it's depressiveness (yes, i made that word up) . to know that i have not succumbed to your weaknesses. i have survived your virus. i strain against your strain.



As Rose puts it: The villains are back

NEW OR

i am more company than i'll ever need in myself. i have better dialogues in my head than i could ever hope to have with you. there is still a battle for contentment that i have heavy bouts with. that's why i need you. i need your help. i'm using you like surgical tools. i'm using you to cut parts of me out. the parts i don't need. the urge to be a social animal must be eradicated. you lose....thanks for playing. here's your encyclopedia set and your rice-a-roni now getthefuckout.

reaction of extraction from your tired ass faction

black king

11:15 and you're sittin' around staring at each others blank faces and the game is to see who can tell the others that they are bored first or most. musical friends is another game that you're all good at and when all of the old pieces wear out you'll just invite new ones. they're always good for a couple of months. well, boring ones, i'm pulling my own piece from the board. and i'm calling checkmate on your bullshit and you'll have to king me as i refuse to be a pawn any longer. i know that it wont end here. there will still be tyranny and treachery as there always is with kings.

cut loose the dead weight

it's not an unnoticeable process.
i can feel the tightening.
the carbon is binding.
pushed black hole dense
by the muscles grip restriction
depression compression.
there is nothing to lose.
nothing worth mentioning.
even uncut, the shine is evident.

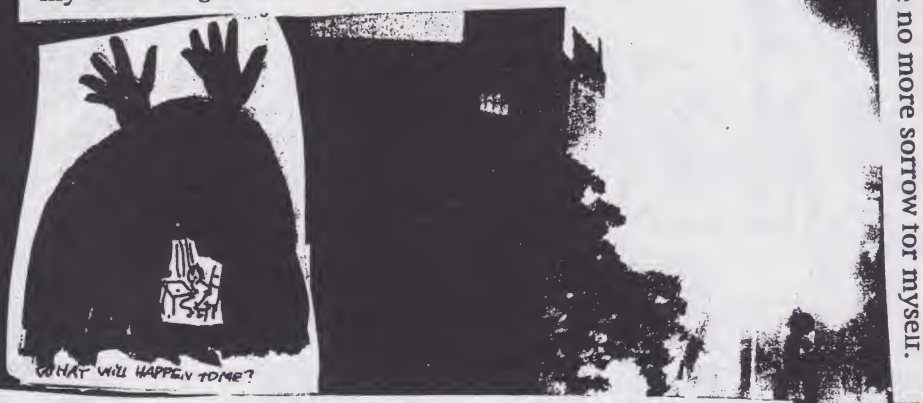
the shame of Cain
this diet of pain
and the acid rain
that falls in my brain
there's no one to blame
by any other name

.inferno.
demons sickness
Clorox fire resistance
your disease
your pollution
cancer and delirium
i'm singed
shunning yourselves
suffocated by creosote

hunger without end
without exception
eternal as the promethian fires
which forged this hell
we inhabit

this crucibles flame
there is a light that never goes out
melt-remelt-purge
purify-expigate

a lifetime
mac and cheese and pork and beans and tuna noodle casserole and peas on toast. food stamps. social security office line. trailer. welfare cheese at the post office. white free lunch token not the blue ones so everyone knows. head down. lots of cracks. most don't show. not as good. second class. tough skins and grocery store sneaks. mom can't cope dads on dope in the farthest state away. smoky pinto car ride. i baby-sit in the car and then fall asleep in some bar. drunken driving. no use hiding. shirt pulled over my face. my room is a castle but she says it's a sty. still no father he can't be bothered. he's off in California getting high. my hell my melt. forged in the flames.

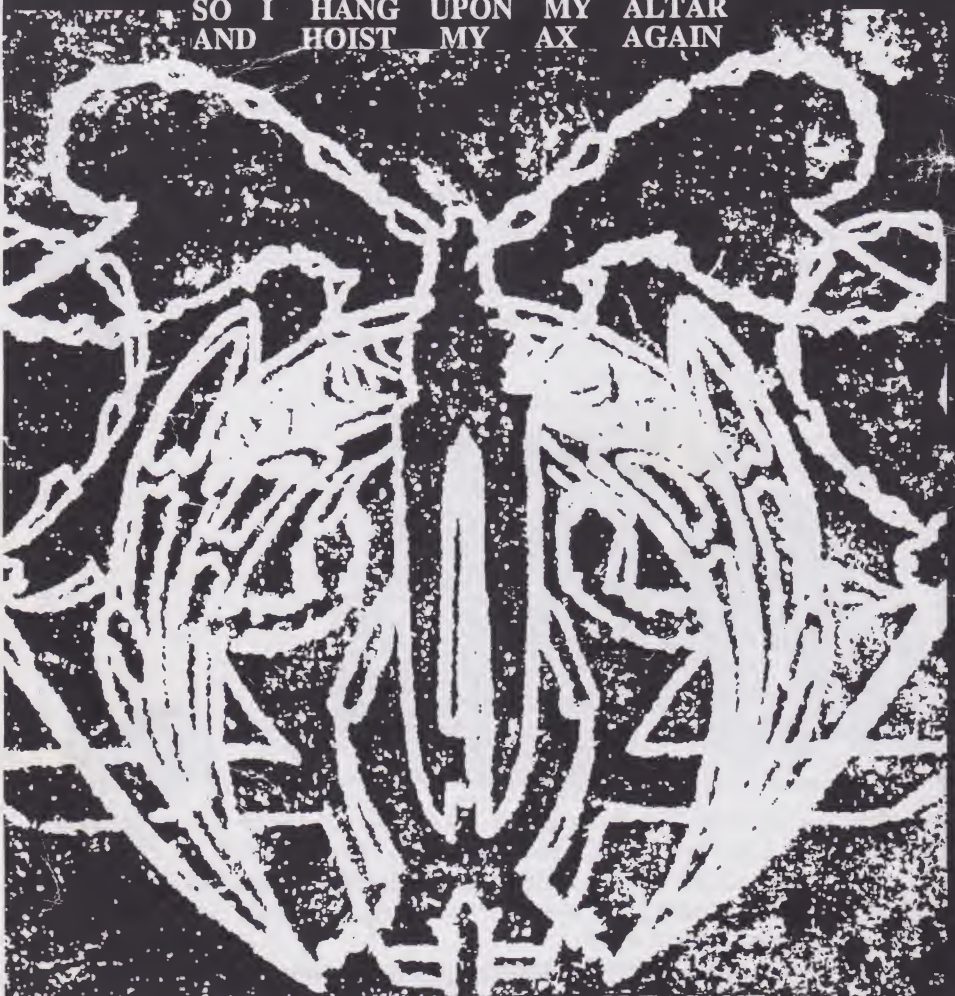


i have no more sorrow for myself.

you don't know what i have escaped. you don't know the separations that i have undergone. it's really kind of easy when you think about it. if you don't like someone behavior, don't mimic it. i've had good examples to follow- dealers, wifebeaters and junkies. scar.

i'm cutting you out.
razor extracting dead husks that encased the diamond.
the flesh is weak.
the razor is straight.
the diamond is pure and black.

SOME WOMEN WAIT FOR JESUS
AND SOME WAIT FOR CAIN
SO I HANG UPON MY ALTAR
AND HOIST MY AX AGAIN



AND WE READ FROM PLEASANT
B I B L E S
THAT ARE BOUND IN BLOOD AND
S K I N
THAT WILDERNESS IS GATHERING
ALL ITS CHILDREN UP AGAIN

L. COHEN